TIMES-VIRGINIAN
In The Heart of Virginia's Dark Tobacco Belt
Appomattox, Virginia
ESTABLISHED 1892

Calvin H. Robinson — Editor and Publisher

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Appomattox, Virginia, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Address all correspondence to The Times-Virginian, Appomattox, Virginia. Subscription Rates: $1.50 a year; five six months; less than six months 5c per copy. Payable in advance. Advertising rates on request.

VIRGINIA PRESS ASSOCIATION Member

EDITORIALS

CONGRATULATIONS!

We wish to congratulate Appomattox people for the very attractive way their homes were decorated for the Christmas season.

We think the homes of the town and vicinity appeared more attractive this year than ever before. We saw many clever and many appropriate decorations, including the doorways, windows and yards.

And why should not the town look beautiful at Christmas! It is the "finest town its size in the finest State in the finest Nation. And Christmas is the finest season. So, hearty congratulations to all!

SENATOR BYRD'S SCHOOL BOARD PLAN

We did not discuss during Christmas season the proposal by State Senator Harry Flood Byrd, Jr. that School Boards in Virginia be abolished as such and their duties taken over by Boards of Supervisors.

We are, however, in hearty concurrence with the objectives in the Byrd proposal. Virginia schools are entirely too far removed from the sovereign people. Regardless of how fine the calibre of those serving on school boards—and certainly in Appomattox County we have nothing but praise for the members of the present school board—the sheer fact remains, as Senator Byrd suggests, that the people have little voice in school operations.

As to the Byrd proposal that the Boards of Supervisors also serve as School Board, we have an open mind. Duties of Supervisors have mined decreased in our generation, certainly over the days when they roads were under their care. But, frequently school management calls for men of specialized training and skills as had to overwork a board of overwork it. Alternate plans as to elect a school board di- by the people or by appoint- ment from the Board of Supervisors. If the latter plan is used, why not the Welfare Boards, too?

The Times-Virginian is not committed for or against the plans for Federal Aid to public schools, but those who oppose Federal Aid use the argument that we must keep control of schools NEAR the people. Such as what elect members of the General Assembly have them ap- point Circuit Judges; have the Circuit Judges appoint a School Trustee Electoral Board; have the School Trustee Electoral Board appoint a School Board; and the School Board appoint those who run the schools! What's NEAR the people about a setup like that! Senator Byrd has made a strong point ,and we anticipate that the General Assembly will give careful study to his proposals. Most Virginia Counties have efficient School Boards. But the system is not democratic.

[illegible] EDITORS

MEDICAL FRANKNESS
(Winchester Star)

At the meeting of the American Medical Association in Washington, D. C.—of all places—some of the boys went doctor than diagnosis, and doses. They suspected that America may have ailments which they describe as too much civilization.

Not everything Americans do is necessary, they concede. Some old-fashioned treatments are better than scientific cures. Nothing has been found to cope with the common cold better than rest. Grandma's fresh remedies, including "medicine" doses of whiskey, were sound. As for children's ailments, outside the epidemic diseases like diphtheria, in the old-fashioned mother knew as much as the modern specialists, sometimes more.

On the too-much civilization theme the doctors observed that young mothers serve an apprenticeship in office and factory where they are tied to routine. When a baby comes they mess me out his calories, tabulate the hours of sleep and consult the scales. This is what the doctors call "tense perfectionism." Tenseness is the national sin. A government official calculates that a tenth of the children now in public schools will grow up to become candidates for mental hospitals.

Another note struck by the doctors was that Americans are losing their self-reliance. Many in hospitals make no effort to improve their condition. They might get on their legs and return to gainful occupation, but their total trust is in medical science. They are too dependent upon somebody or something else. That's why the social welfare politicians are making so much hay these days.

These discussions of people's sins and shortcomings are valuable. They could result in changes for the better.

VIRGINIA'S RISE IN CORN PRODUCTION
(Charlottesville Daily Progress)

An important contribution to the economic progress of Virginia is being made by such men as Bill Pace, of Proffit, Albemarle County's champion corn grower for 1949, and others who set high marks in this year's 100 Bushel Corn Club competition.

It is becoming increasingly plain that Virginia's agricultural future lies largely in the continuing growth and improvement of its livestock industry. That is especially true in this Piedmont area. And while it has been demonstrated that good beef can be produced on grass alone, corn is exceedingly helpful. And it is a virtual necessity for efficient pork production. One of the major obstacles to the development of livestock growing has been the scarcity of locally produced feed, necessitating imports from distant areas at high transportation and handling costs. We are not favored with an over-abundance of good corn land, but if we can increase production on what we have to something approaching the levels proved possible by our 100-bushel farmers, we will be well on the way to a solution of the problem.

The experts at Virginia Polytechnic Institute are doing their part through the development of hybrids suitable to Virginia conditions. Through their efforts and through those of progressive farmers the State's average per - acre corn yield is steadily rising. From 28th among the States of the Union not many years ago, it has been brought to eighth place, not far behind the so-called corn belt states of the Middle West. It is a record that promises much for Virginia's agricultural prosperity and stability.

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THE VILLAGE HAS A HEART

Dorothy Boys Kilian

THE CLOCK struck nine as Nola hung the last bauble on the fragrant green Christmas tree. Without even stepping back to admire the finished effect she went to the front window and peered out. A cold white moon illumined a cold white earth. She shivered. How lonely she had been in this tiny, quiet village!

When she had written Jim two months before that she was being evicted from their apartment in Chicago he had answered, "I'm hoping against hope to be home from occupation duty in time for Christmas, and I can't think of any place more perfect than Pineville to spend the holidays and my terminal leave. Remember my telling you what happy summers I spent there as a child, and how I'd always wanted to be in winter? Do investigate this, as a Christmas present for me, Nola darling."

So she had come here and found a house. But somehow she felt that the villagers had ignored her as an outsider.

And now it was Christmas Eve. "He's not going to make it and that's that," Nola thought miserably. She knew that he had landed at San Francisco three days before and had been trying desperately to get a seat on a train or plane.

"It's me, Doc Ryan. We're on your party line you know, and heard the good news. My wife thought I'd better take you over."

The telephone rang. "There's a telegram just come for you, Mrs West, down here at the drug store. Very important."

"Yes?" Nola breathed.

"Chicago, 8 P. M. Am catching train. Get off Shoreham five miles east of Pineville 10 P.M. love Jim."

Nola leaned heavily against the wall and stared at the phone.

"Mrs. West, are you there?" Mr. Trotter, the druggist, sounded anxious. "Listen, you go out in the garage and get your car motor in a warming up. My wife'll be up there in five minutes to stay with your little boy. Hurry now."

In joyful haste Nola peeked in at Jimmy—"Santa Claus is bringing you your Daddy, honey"—ordered her nose and put on her fur coat and boots.

The garage door stuck in its icy groove although she bent her whole weight against it. Suddenly, out of the darkness, a voice called, "It's me, Doc Ryan. We're on your party line you know, and heard the good news. I'm so used to driving out in all kinds of weather, my wife thought I'd better take you over."

"Dr. Ryan, I didn't realize 'till just now how I dreaded that trip alone."

A train whistle shrilled through the cold thin air as they drove up to the little depot.

"We made it!" Nola cried exultingly. "Come on." She held open the door.

But Doc muttered, "I'll stay here and keep my feet warm."

Now the huge black engine roared past, slowed down and slid to a stop. A coach vestibule door opened, and before the conductor could step down, a khaki-clad figure leaped on to the platform.

"Oh, darling, darling, darling." Nola's heart throbbed as she felt once more the thrilling warmth of Jim's arms around her.

"Nola!" Jim said everything in that word.

A few moments later as they walked to the car a voice boomed from within, "Glad you made it."

"Whoever you are—thanks," Jim answered. "It's people like you who made me want Nola to come to Pineville to wait for me."

"Get in and close the door. You're freezing me out." Doc grinned as he raced for the motor.

"Christmas Eve," Jim said softly as they squeezed in with Doc. "You beside me, our baby just a few miles away, and a Christmas card place like Pineville to welcome us. Don't you love it there, darling?"

Nola glanced at Doc, thought of Mrs. Trotter and the others. "Yes, Jim, I do," she whispered. "I surely do."

BIBLE SPEAKS

International Uniform Sunday School Lessons

BY DR. KENNETH J. FOREMAN

SCRIPTURE: Acts 11:1 Peter 2:9-10. DEVOTIONAL READING: John 14:15-20.

Praying into Tomorrow

Lesson for January 1, 1950

FOR THE BENEFIT of those who may not be familiar with this column, and perhaps of some who are, a little explanation may be helpful. This column is not expected to take the place of Bible study, nor to be a substitute for the quarterlies and other helps which are furnished by the various denominations. What this column can do is to offer some thoughts which the lesson Scripture suggested to the writer.

Reading this column will not make a Bible student out of you; only the direct study of the Scripures can do that. Forty denominations cooperate in this lesson helps the reader, we shall all be glad.

Dr. Foreman

Limitations of space keep this from pretending to be anything like a complete analysis of the lesson. For those are not at all familiar with the Bible, it is hoped that this column may arouse interest in that the reader will go and see for himself what the Bible says.

What are Sunday school lessons for? In the words of the 75-year-old International Sunday School Lesson committee, the "ultimate end sought is the acceptance of the Bible as the very Word of God." Practically, this means Bible study which "will help growing persons (you have not stopped growing, we hope!) increasingly to know its content and to understand its message in the light of their own experiences and relationships."

The writer of these lines shares in this purpose and this hope, and wishes you a Happy New Year!

* * *

The Early Church And Its World

FEW PERSONS in their right minds would want to go back down into their blood, yet the first years, indeed the first months, of any one's life are immensely important.

So it is with the Christian church. Few sensible people would want to return to the days of the church's infancy in the first few months and years after Christ's resurrection. And yet that was a vital era. For the Sundays between now and Easter we shall be looking at the early Christian church.

Very early, that is; so early that the name "Christian" was quite new, and even the word "church" was not often used. We shall find that as those united Christians faced their world, they met with many problems similar to those with which the church of today has to grapple.

How they did it, how they succeeded and how they sometimes failed, is not a mere story of the long-ago, but is valuable as we think about our own times.

* * *

Praying Into Tomorrow

THE TEN DAYS between Jesus' ascension and the great event of Pentecost were among the most fateful in all Christian history. The church, if we can call by that name the little group of a few dozen friends of Jesus who lingered together in Jerusalem, did not profess to read the future. But during those ten days of suspense they did three things; they waited, they prepared, they prayed.

They waited because Jesus had told them to wait . . . wait for power, he said. What the power might be like they did not yet know. No doubt some of them had business of one sort or another back in Galilee; but Jesus said, Wait—and so they waited.

They also prepared, by setting apart a witness to take the place of Judas. And above all, they prayed. Tomorrow for them was darkly uncertain, Jesus had dropped hints about persecution; they were not naturally supermen.

Yet in the midst of vague fears, and facing a tomorrow which was large question-mark, those early Christians—much less well-informed and "worldly-wise" than we—did the wisest thing they could have done; they spent their time in prayer. A praying church is on the way to power.

So as we begin a new year, the best thing Christians can do is not to make all the noise they can, but quietly to wait in God's presence.

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Health Outlook For 1950

Will 1950 see a healthier nation? Virginia Extension Service officials, who participated in a recent "Outlook" conference for 1950 in Washington, see some hopes for better health and longer living.

They report that this year, the most outstanding gain in advancing the nation's health has been bipartisan support in Congress of numerous health bills. Marked progress has been made in rural hospital construction under the Hospital Construction and Survey Act. At the end of July, of the 642 projects approved for general hospitals, 324 were located in towns with less than 5,000 population. Of the 379 projects approved for new hospitals, about 60 per cent are for hospitals with less than 50 beds.

Present proposals being considered in Congress would extend the Hospital Construction program another four years, and increase the Federal allotments. This should enable more rural communities to build needed hospitals.

The bill to provide Federal funds for establishing full time local public health units has broad public support. Its passage can be a great impetus for basic health services to all rural areas.

There are two other proposals which affect rural areas, but which lack common agreement and support. One is a proposal for special loans to rural areas to build small clinics, group practice centers, cooperative health associations, and guaranteed income to doctors. The other relates to health insurance. The Extension Service says is important for rural people to understand the basic principles underlying the proposals, as they may take part in forming public opinion on such services.

Health work in Virginia [illegible] lar to the national picture. [illegible]alls are under construction [illegible] Abingdon, Front Royal, [illegible] Staunton, Harrisonburg, Fredericksburg, and Medical College of Virginia. Bids have been approved [illegible] hospitals at Suffolk, Franklin, Woodstock and Winchester. Six health centers are being built [illegible] in Amherst, Nelson, Pittsylvania, Greensville, and Northampton counties. Roanoke City [illegible] a full time health center.

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Gotham Cabbie Cheers Up Fares With Poet Puns

NEW YORK.—For 24 years now Peter Neal, New York cab driver has been reciting puns for his passengers—only those for meter cabs.

In fact, his puns have become a part of the life and of the lives of his passengers, too. He even carries his puns into his home on W. 43rd street where he lives surrounded by four radios, a television set, a piano and Sam Katz, Sam Katz jr. his cat.

"I have heard it stated that the pun is the lowest form of humor," Neal, duffer said with great dignity. "But don't you believe it. The party who said that never just realized.

"Say, here's a new one," he chided, "what's chemical do you get from the telephone company? The answer is 'nitrates'. Get the big laugh? I'll sprinkle jokes to amuse my fares. Most of them love it. I never seldom get paid off without a pun."

Always Thinking

Snebly built and with the gleaming eye of a pomster perpetually looking up his next horror, Heller announced a standing offer for Milton Berle and anybody else who fancies himself a fast man with a pun.

"I will wager $1,000 nobody can outpun me," Heller challenged. "Berle says there's nothing new in jokes. Maybe not in his. But get me! A Utangi dame got fresh with her husband. 'Lesser,' he says, 'don't give me none of your lip. That's now, that's fresh stuff, all my own."

Heller, who hacks his own cab nights, said proudly he can drive a passenger from South Ferry to Yonkers and make a pun practically every time the dirmer (meter) clicks, without repeating hemself.

"I give it to them in continuity," he declared. "Like this: What has Pete Dunne lately? She went to Tenmen Lake to be near Dinah Store where Larry Parks his car, and she wouldn't have gone, only Pretzn Potter. She's a nice girl who considers Robert Young but Victor Mature. She don't like fellows with beards and says, 'Isn't Monte Woolley?' "

Comics Puzzle Him

Sam Katz poked his eye at Heller, who sparred neatly and went on: "I can tell pretty fast whether a face is susceptible to puns. Sometimes it's like battling your head against a stone wall, so I calm right up."

Passengers entering Heller's charter have been startled to hear him ask: "Why is the floor of a cab like a restaurant?"

Before they can recover, Heller yaks: "Can't you see it's an all-nutter."

"Professional comedians," Heller said, "puzzle me. They look so sad when they get into my cab, and when I give them a good one, they look sadder."

Heller said his ambition is to write gags—and get paid for them. "Another fellow and me,' he said, "had a chance to get on television, but we got sinus trouble. Nobody would sign us."

Solid Silver Bars Taken From Sunken Spanish Ship

MIAMI, FLA.—The Smithsonian institution in Washington, D.C., has revealed it has bought one of the ingots of solid silver recovered from a sunken Spanish galleon in the Florida keys.

Dr. Alexander Wetmore, secretary of the institution, said the bar had been bought from Charles M. Brookfield, Florida representative of the National Audubon society, and that it was "more than 200 years old."

The find was made by Arthur McKee, city recreation director of Stuart, Fla., last Memorial day while pursuing his hobby of making underwater pictures.

McKee, who has searched the keys for nine years as a hobby, says the ship was inside the reef and "more than three miles from land."

He would not divulge the exact location but said the wreckage lies in less than 60 feet of water.

"The ship carried at least six guns we can see," McKee said. "It lies in sand with coral grown partly over the wreck.

"I took pictures of the cannon and then came across some bulk and one to move it. I got all excited and called to my crew to send down a line. The silver ingots were lying in ballast."

McKee did not disclose how many ingots had been recovered but estimated two, weighing 60 and 80 by the Smithsonian.

The vessel was not identified. McKee said, except that it was a Spanish craft and some of the wreckage bore Spanish markings, similar to those on the silver ingots.

Ralph FIXES THINGS UP

By Dorothy Boys Kilian

IT WAS Christmas Eve but the group of people sitting on the floor in the Reeds' living-room certainly weren't in a festive mood.

"Doggonit," Dad exclaimed as he stared gloomily at the shiny tracks and the motionless cars of a new electric train. "What's wrong with this thing anyway?"

"We've put it together exactly according to directions, I'm sure we have," fifteen-year-old Rick insisted.

"Well, something's got to be done," said Mom, looking in from the kitchen where she was stuffing the turkey. "Little Jackie's been praying for that train for months, and how'll he feel tomorrow morning if the thing won't run?"

"Maybe Ralph can help. He's coming by for me in a few minutes, you know," said Wilma, the pretty 16 year old daughter of the family.

"Oh, him!" Rick was scornful. "That guy from the big city with

He picked up the shiny black engine carefully and turned it over and over. He put it up to eye level and peered into its workings.

his socks and ties and handkerchiefs that match! What does he know about motors?"

"Rick!" Mom reproved.

"Oh, I know you all think of him as an outsider," Wilma said. "If you only really knew him better! Mom, I do wish you'd let me ask him to breakfast tomorrow."

"I'm sorry dear, but I just don't think he'd fit in."

The doorbell rang. Wilma answered it and she and Ralph exchanged happy hellos.

Rich immediately threw out the challenge to the tall, blond, well-dressed young man, "We can't make this train go. Can you tell what's wrong with it?"

"Maybe," Ralph said quietly. "I used to have a train something like this."

"Look out, that cotton batting stuff will stick to your trousers," Dad warned.

"That's snow, and the snow around here is clean."

Dad looked slightly startled.

Wilma smiled. She remembered how impressed Ralph had been by the whiteness of the drifts even on Main street last night.

"The fabric are practically sooty before they even reach the ground in Chicago," he had said.

"Tracks are O.K." Ralph straightened up. Then he picked up the shiny black engine carefully and turned it over and over. He put it up to eye level and peered into its workings.

"The professional touch!" Rick muttered.

"There may be oil in the commutator," Ralph said. "That sometimes happens with a new engine. I'll see if I can get it out."

"I'll get you a rag, Ralph, just a minute." Wilma got up and started for the kitchen.

"Never mind, this'll do," Ralph answered, pulling his perfectly folded wine-colored handkerchief out of his jacket pocket.

He worked quietly for a moment, gently poking the corner of the handkerchief into the inside of the engine. Then he set the engine carefully down on the track and said, "Turn on the juice, will you Rick?"

Rick meekly moved forward the black lever at the transformer. There was a whirring sound, the wheels began to move, and the little puffer-belly whizzed and clacked around the curve.

"Praises be!" Dad heaved a loud sigh of relief.

Ralph quietly got up from the floor and turned to Wilma. "Maybe we'd better go now, if we want to catch the gang."

"All right, Ralph," Wilma said. Her eyes turned pleadingly to Mrs. Reed, "Mom—"

"Oh, yes, Wilma." Mom interrupted. Turning to Ralph she said heartily, "In all the excitement we almost forgot to ask you to be sure to come over for late breakfast with us tomorrow. It's just a simple family affair, but we surely would like to have you with us."

"You bet." Dad's eyes twinkled. "Something might go wrong again and we'd feel safer with you around to fix it."

dixburg

Hixburg, Dec. 27.- On Sunday evening, December 25, there was a Christmas entertainment at Mathews Baptist Church. The pageant was directed by Mrs. Eugene Sears. Frank age received the prize, "Bible Tother," for having the best attendance and for being the best all-around student in Mrs. E. P. Sears' Class. Immediately following, Rev. J. Parks Hackney delivered a fitting Christmas message on the subject, "The security of feeling that comes from faith in Christ."

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Harwood had on Christmas Eve the following guests: Mr. Wilson Hix, John Wilson, Harwood, William, Tom and Ruth; also Mr. W. D. Hix, Jr., and Misses Margie and Carrie Hix.

Mrs. Edith Hix and daughter Frances of Richmond were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Harwood on Sunday night.

Mr. Harwood Hix, of Greensboro is spending this week in the home of his father, Mr. Wilson Hix.

Mr. J. Sears Hix, of Thomasville, N. C. visited in the home of Mr. W. D. Hix, Jr. last week. Friday he was near Brookneal on his way back to North Carolina, when a hit and run driver took off his left fender, and jammed the door so it could not be opened. Mr. Hix finally managed to get out, the wrecker was no where to be seen. Fortunately, there was no psyical damage except a shake-up from the impact.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Goin have moved to a home on Mr. and Mrs. Jack R. Marshall's place. Mr. Goin will cultivate the Marshall farm during 1950. Mr. and Mrs. Goin dined with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Witt Goin on Christmas Day, and with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin, that evening.

Mrs. Ernest Carter has greatly improved in health. She is permitted to see one person at a time. The following members of her family visited her during the holidays: Mr. and Mrs. Crote Carson and Linda, of Richmond, spent the week-end; Mr. and Mrs. Ural Carson and Ural, Jr., of Newport News; Mr. and Mrs. Elantha Carson, of Charlottesville, and Charlie Carson, of Prospect, were there Christmas Day.

Mrs. Charlie Carson, John and Estelbel, of Prospect are spending this week in the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Marshall. Other guests expected there this week are: Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Newton, Jr., and W. M., III, and Mrs. Gertrude Reynolds, all of Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Covington are preparing to move into their new home, which they bought from Mrs. H. M. Marshall, as soon as it is wired for electricity.

Mrs. H. M. Marshall, of Pamplin is spending this week in the home of Mr. E. P. Sears. On January 15, she will go to Tampa, Florida, to stay until April 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Guild, of Richmond were the week-end guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Sears.

Miss Gertrude Sears, of Richmond arrived Wednesday to visit for several days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Sears.

Mrs. Sam Drinkard is the guest of her nephew, Billy Ingo.

Miss Janie A. Hix, who has been visiting in the neighborhood many times, is ill in the Medical College Hospital in Richmond.

Another big fox was brought in by Mr. Henry Covington last Thursday. This made four that have been caught in this vicinity this fall. The agriculture report from Richmond is that the whole state was overrun by foxes and skunks last summer.

Liberty Chapel

Liberty Chapel, De. 28.- Mr. and Mrs. Paul Thornhill, Lillie and Donald spent Monday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Don Owen, of Randolph.

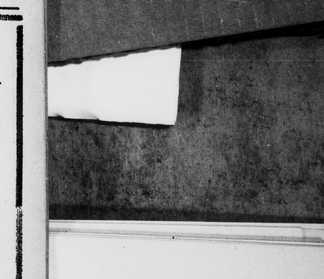
Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Harvey, Jr., Gloria Ann Lewis and Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Harvey, Sr., were the dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Houston Crowder, of Lynchburg.

The Rev. and Mrs. J. P. Leitner and Miss Laura Thornhill left Monday to visit relatives in Portsmouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Robertson were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Gunter over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Reynolds and children spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Pillow and daughter and Miss Elodes Smith spent the holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Smith.



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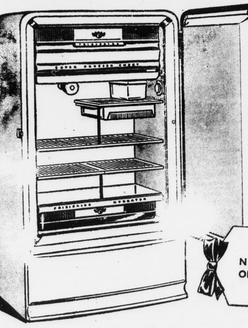

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